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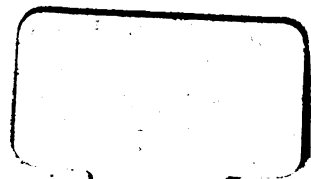
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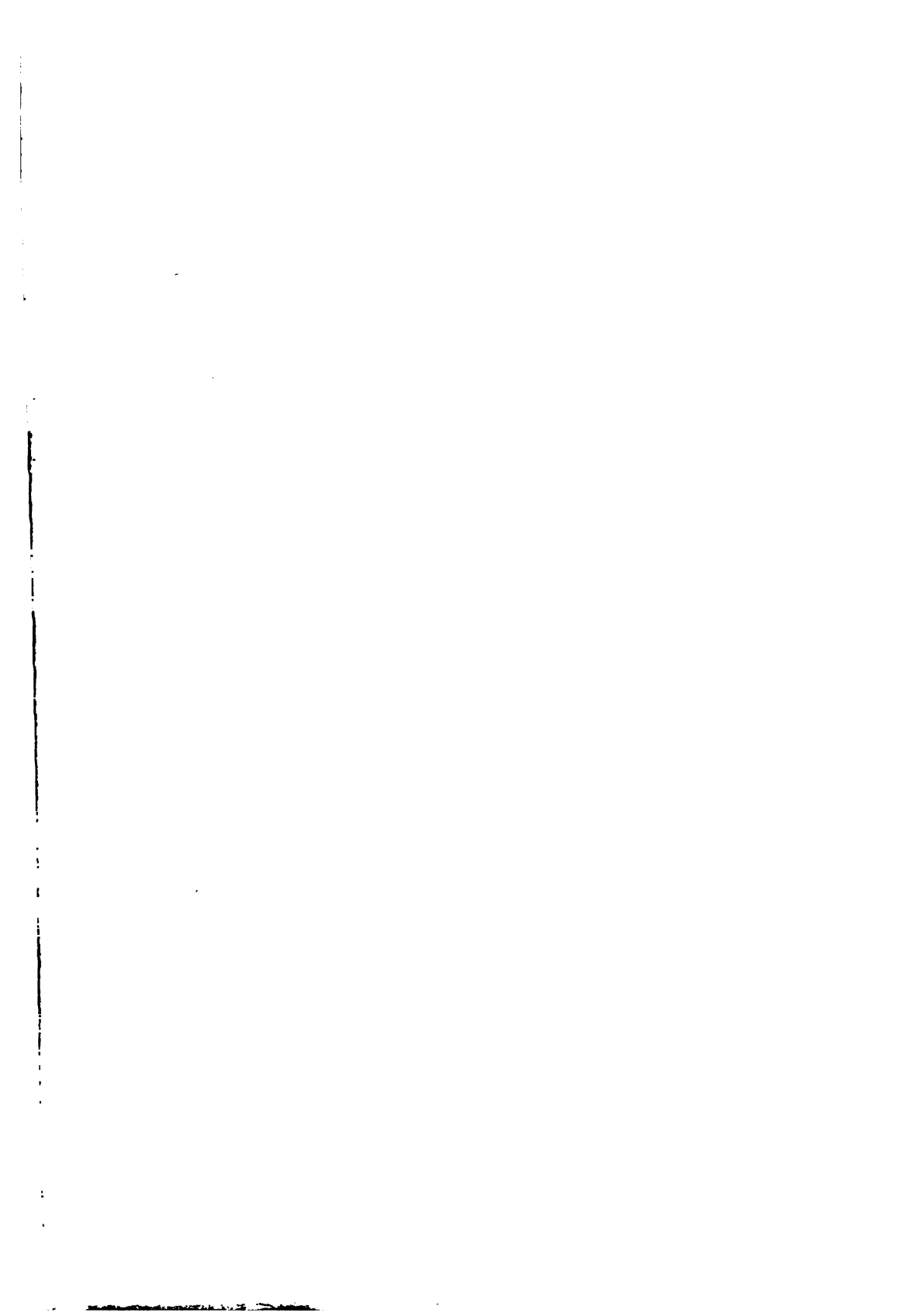
# Julia King Parsons

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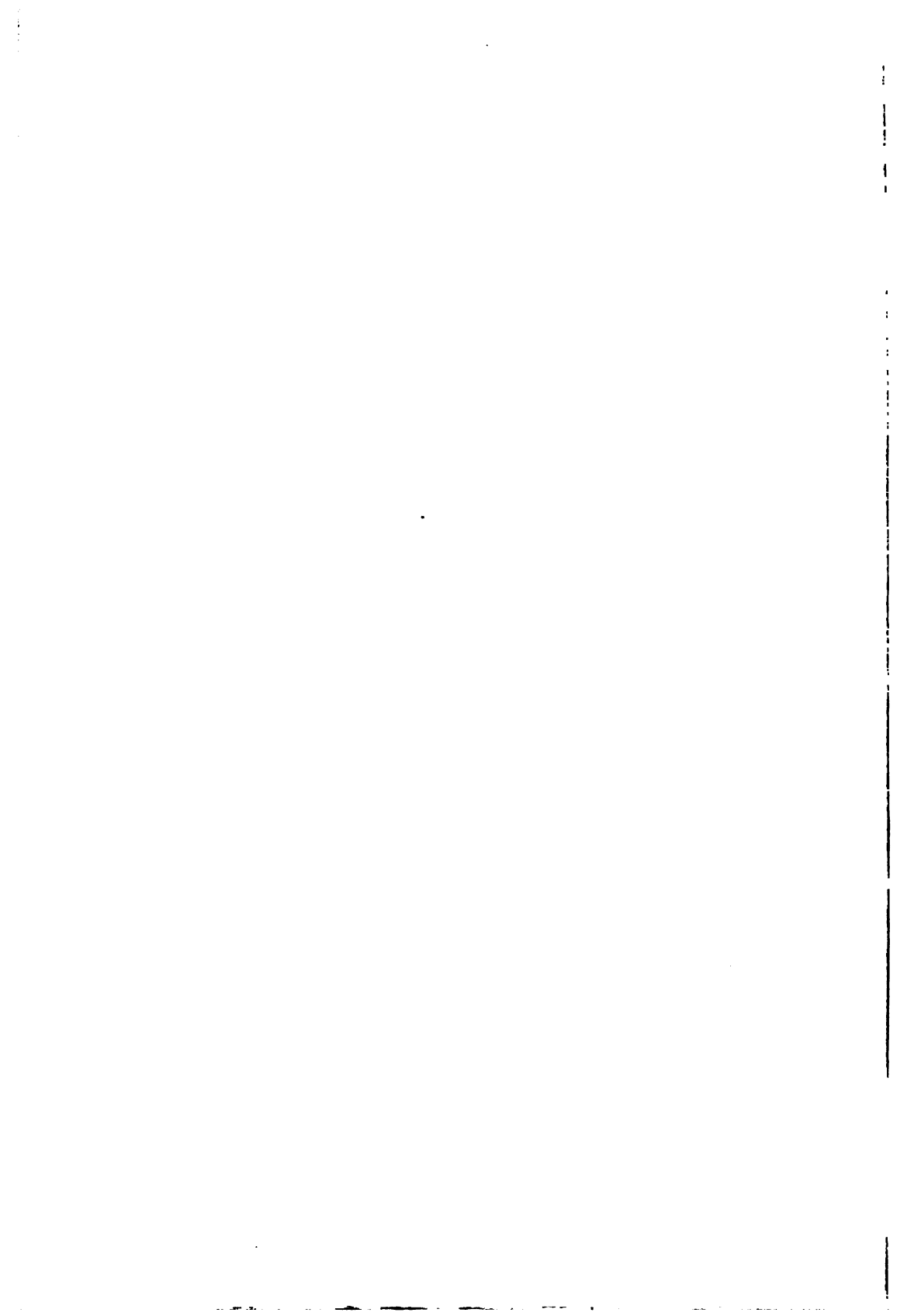












**JULIA KING PARSONS**







**In Memory of**  
**JULIA KING PARSONS**

**BORN NOVEMBER 19, 1871**

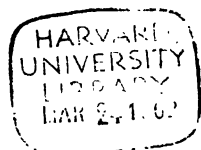
**DIED JULY 8, 1904**

*She lived not long in years  
But in deeds she was aged*



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# MEMOIR







## MEMOIR

**M**ISS JULIA KING was born in Evanston, Ill., November 19, 1871. At that time her father, Daniel M. King, a young lawyer of great promise, was practising his profession in Chicago, and as the "Chicago fire" destroyed all business, he decided to remove his family back to Connecticut, his former home.

The following Spring they returned to Chicago, where they lived for seven years, and then, on account of Mr. King's failing health, removed to Denver, Colo.

At the age of four years Julia King showed great talent for oratory, and at that time recited long pieces in Sunday-school entertainments. She held church services, with her "dolls" for her audience, singing, praying, and preaching with great enthusiasm. She always ended her meetings with the following saying, "Now,

## MEMOIR

Dirls, you must be dood, or Dod will punish you. He tan tee you, for he has dreat bid eyes. Amen." She attended kindergarten and public schools until she was eleven years old, and was then placed in Wolfe Hall, an Episcopal school for girls.

At the age of fourteen she joined St. John's Cathedral, Dean Hart being the pastor, and J. F. Spaulding the Bishop, who confirmed her. She took an active part in Wolfe Hall, always appearing in the musical and literary entertainments, and was the President of the Eclectic Club one year.

At the age of sixteen she took the gold medal for oratory, her selection being from Richard III., and the following poem was dedicated to her :

## JULIA KING PARSONS

### AFTER THE CONTEST

AGNES LEONARD HILL

(Dedicated to Miss Julia King, who won the prize for elocution at Wolfe Hall, May 8, 1888.)

*The tempest of applause she met  
As meekly as a bending bud ;  
A young American, and yet  
A princess of Fame's royal blood ;  
No diadem of gold she wears,  
And yet her coronet, I ween,  
With " principalities of song "  
Proclaims the young Shakesperian queen.*

*A time-worn theme her fresh, young voice  
Translated in divinest strain.  
And from her ardent soul was wrought  
A noble mystery of pain.  
No longer mean and poor and wan  
With cruel face and goading sting,  
Pain shone, through her impassioned soul,  
A noble and exalted thing.*

## MEMOIR

*“Waste not too soon, O burning star  
Your bright young life, but nurse its beam  
That it may rise and light afar  
The world's unresting troubled stream.”  
And may the heights your ardent feet  
With eagerness essay to climb  
Hide never from your longing eyes  
The glory of their goal sublime.*

DENVER, May 10, 1888.

— *Denver Republican.*

At the age of seventeen she was graduated from Wolfe Hall, and had the honor of being the “Valedictorian” of her class. The next Fall, before she was eighteen years of age, she entered the Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, and in three years was made one of its Faculty, where she remained as teacher and representative reader until May, 1901.

On June 27, 1901, she was married to Mr. Charles Chase Parsons of Brookline, Mass., and since that time has devoted her life to various charities in Boston and Brookline.

## JULIA KING PARSONS

Her death was caused from the effects of an operation for fibroid tumor, which was performed by Dr. Maurice H. Richardson, in the Corey Hill Hospital, Brookline. She lived eighteen days after the operation, and suffered from blood poisoning almost from the first, and finally died from brain meningitis, caused from the blood poison. Her last words were, "For Jesus' sake. Amen!"

The above is in answer to the hundreds of letters from friends, who wish to know the particulars of her sudden and untimely death.



## **S E R V I C E S**





## SERVICES

**T**HE services were held at the home, 124 Winthrop Road, Brookline, on Sunday afternoon, July the tenth, at two thirty o'clock.

The Episcopal prayers were offered by the Rev. David H. Garrett; the Rev. O. D. Sewell made some very fitting remarks. The others who took part were the Rev. Jay J. Lewis, Franklin H. Wentworth, and Marion Craig Wentworth.

The music was especially beautiful. A quartette sang "Crossing the Bar,"—which was Mrs. Parsons' request,—then "Lead Kindly Light" and "God Be with You till We Meet Again."

The drawing-room where she lay, as though she were sleeping with a sweet smile on her face, was transformed into a bower of flowers.

She was laid to rest in the Forest Hills Cemetery, the Rev. Dr. Garrett performing the Episcopal burial service.

## MEMOIR

### CROSSING THE BAR

*Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me ;  
And may there be no moaning of the bar,  
When I put out to sea,*

*But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the bound-  
less deep  
Turns again home —*

*Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark !  
And may there be no sadness of farewell,  
When I embark.*

*For tho' from out our bourne of Time and  
Place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face,  
When I have crost the bar.*

ALFRED TENNYSON.

## ADDRESS

REV. JAY J. LEWIS

**T**HREE years ago last June I had the high privilege of uniting in marriage, at Dr. Emerson's Vermont home, Julia King and Charles Parsons. I remember that in my prayer I asked God to grant in their dear behalf the richest blessing He could bestow upon any two of His children, that out of the love they bore each other they might rear for themselves and those they loved a happy home. My prayer was answered, and we are gathered in that home to-day. But happiness has fled. Why? The answer, unspoken, comes from yonder room.

When Starr King lay dying in San Francisco, and the morning of the last day came, knowing it was the last and how dear he had become to many hearts all over the land, he was heard to murmur, "Sad news will go over the wires to-day." Since last Friday sad news has been going over the wires and through the mails. Julia King Parsons is dead. "Impossible!" It was the natural outcry of protest

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from our stricken hearts—Julia dead, Julia gone. Misnomers those words are. She was never more strenuously alive, never more potently present than now and here, here in this beautiful home she made so happy for us all.

The earthly house of this tabernacle lying in yonder room, embowered in flowers, may be dissolving, but the building of God, the house not made with hands, her own sweet self remains eternal in our hearts. This morning a few of us whose rare good fortune it has been to live within the charmed circle of her love and friendship, gathered for a few moments of comforting communion in her bridal chamber. Julia, garbed in her wedding raiment, was lying, seemingly in restful sleep, upon a couch in our midst. Wreathing her lip was that smile eloquent of the peace that passeth understanding, never seen upon human face until the mortal comes to put on immortality. Naturally we turned to Dr. Emerson, who, since Julia came out of her far Western home, had been to her guide,

## JULIA KING PARSONS

counsellor, and friend, to voice for us the deep lessons of the hour. We did not look in vain. In eloquent epigrammatic phrase he pictured for us the exalted motive, the pure purpose, the rare achievement of our Julia's brief span of life.

I said we had met in her bridal chamber. Nay, it became more, much more. It became the bridal chamber of our souls, bridal of earth and heaven, and Julia's living but unseen presence said the marriage vows which bound us to the higher life, that life which St. Paul describes as "hid with Christ in God."

The Higher Life. As that phrase passes my lips I am clearly conscious of sounding the keynote of what our beloved strove to reach for herself, and unto which she longed to see those she loved attain.

And here in that higher life I find the one "fixed fact" to which you, whose hearts are most sorely stricken by this sudden, appalling bereavement, can surely cling for the comfort which will abide forever. Mother and husband, dearest

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and most blessed of names, never more dear, never more blessed, than when it can be said, Julia's mother, Julia's husband. Mother, at times your sorrow must be forgotten in the joy of the thought that you gave to earth and life such a rare soul and were permitted, though with immense sacrifice, to rear her in such form that both as maid and woman her life was ever a rising up and calling you blessed. Husband, whose sense of irreparable loss must give way to a feeling of unspeakable gratitude in that for three years you have had her as your very own, your wife, and have been permitted to use the ample means at your command to meet and satisfy her slightest wish, her smallest need, you two in this home are to have her with you in memory and in thought forever a very present and potent help toward that higher life. My brother, you tell me that her last words were

“For Jesus' sake. Amen,”

the same ascription with which together you always ended your evening prayer. Henceforth, whenever a prayer is in your

## JULIA KING PARSONS

heart to the end that you may win to that life, or whenever you, by word or act, encourage us who also loved her to strive to get a little nearer the goal she longed to see us reach, reverently you can paraphrase that ascription and find sweetest comfort in saying

“For Julia’s sake. Amen.”

## TRIBUTE

FRANKLIN H. WENTWORTH

NOBLE, stanch, fearless, loyal, tender,  
loving Julia King: my friend.

“She is not dead : she doth not sleep ;  
She hath awakened from the dream of life ! ”

It is not easy for us, consumed as we are by the close, objective pettiness of our daily life, to conceive the idea of eternity ; to sense the fact that this life is but a point in the immensity of the Universal life ; that it is but an inn on life’s highroad in which we press the hands of our friends,



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look into one another's eyes, and pass on into new scenes of soul experience.

Human society is still in the underbrush ; it is organized at so low a level of intelligence that we find ourselves in a world of abundance yet struggling like the jungle folk for the possession of objective things. It is this that obscures our vision ; this that prescribes our spiritual horizon ; this which makes us magnify the life on earth and reach out to one another in a panic of unfaith when a cosmic cloud passes athwart our bit of blue.

Among the countless thousands that are spawned upon the earth to accept conditions as they find them and struggle merely for a vulgar individual supremacy, there come at times those souls which stand erect. But we cannot understand them ; we have no spiritual equipment with which to understand them. We apply to them our petty standards and give to them the husks we ourselves are fain to feed upon, and so they live lives of isolation in our very midst. They bless and love us with their every breath, but we do not bless

## JULIA KING PARSONS

them because we do not understand the needs of such souls. We do not know how to value life ; so we do not know how to preserve life. The world's ignorance has always cost the world its sweetest lives ; it wells up and engulfs them, and they go out into the night with a smile on their lips to hide the love-ache in their hearts.

It is not the will of God that Julia King should die ! I protest with my soul against that blasphemy which turns with folded hands to the Love spirit of the universe and lays at its door the blame for our own blindness and insensibility. It is not God's will that Julia King should die ! The whole intent and purpose of the universe is to bring forth such souls as hers.

Such lives are crushed out by collective ignorance. It is because we are not yet awake ; because our material struggles blind us to our spiritual heritage ; because powers to make the life-forces obey us lie yet unborn and undreamed of in the human soul, that we stand helpless before

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the ebbing of a life we love, reaching out our hands in impotence.

Some day the collective will of the world will awaken to the fact that there is nothing in the universe so sacred as human life. In that day all our forces will be focused upon the preservation of the highest types we know. The will to love will bring to life spiritual resources, subtle strengths, latent powers, that shall hold the world's beloved in triumph from the Shadows, until all they have to give has enriched the life of the world.

And oh, how much dear Julia had to give! And how she yearned to give it! Spirit of Light! God's troubadour!

The French people have a phrase for which in English there is no satisfactory equivalent. It means to assist God; to aid him in his purposes. It springs from the conception that when God gives to man the gift of consciousness he abdicates; he leaves man free. Man himself must do the rest, as partner in creation. Man himself must find the light; he must learn to bear the greatness of responsibility.

## JULIA KING PARSONS

Julia King took her life in hand. She was an original, conscious point of force. She deliberately gathered her great resources into a white flame and laid all she was and had upon the altar of the common need. Her heroic stature sprang from the fact that her greatness of heart was at equipoise with her greatness of mind. Intellect alone has never served mankind. It reaches out for power and involves itself in ruin. But once a splendid mind like Julia King's is chastened and guided by a heart like Julia King's, we catch a glimpse of the heights of which mankind is capable.

Here was a woman with such a well-born endowment that, had she only willed it so, she might easily have taken all the prizes that the common herd pants after; but her alert spirit saw the emptiness of that kind of success, which to the noble mind is but the winning of a sullied plume. She found the essential things in life and clung to them with all the force of her ardent spirit. This is why to know her was to enrich one's life. She convicted

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us of pettiness by being what she was. She stimulated us to follow her to the heights she saw.

It is this kind of soul that reaches the loftiest peaks of humanity's horizon. When a life of ease and luxury beckons seductively from every angle, to turn resolutely from it and struggle up the steep; to travel a road that is a lonely road; a road that is full of rocks and dust; that has neither cool springs nor shade-trees beside it! But this is the road along which are found the foot-prints of genius and the finger-boards that point to immortality.

It cannot be otherwise than that the weak, human part of us should yearn for the hand-clasp of our beloved. Locked in the chains of sense, we cannot yet discern the spiritual essences that are the enduring and immortal facts of the universe; we cannot yet know of the love-presences that enfold us and bless us in our grief. The radiant spirit of Julia King is calling to us not to waste our lives in selfish grieving, but to rouse ourselves and heed

## JULIA KING PARSONS

the light her spirit shed on earth, that we may follow and overtake her on the soul's highway.

And so the word I speak to-day is not a word of sorrow; it is the word I feel would be her word were we spiritually free enough to receive it; it is a word of faith; faith in life; faith in love; faith in the integrity of the universe. I believe that the only pain in Julia's loving heart to-day is that she cannot reach out to us from behind the veil and assure us that all is well.

## POEMS

(Adapted and read by Marion Craig Wentworth.)

***P**EACE, peace! she is not dead, she  
doth not sleep —*

*She hath awakened from the dream of life —*

. . . . .

*She has outsoared the shadow of our night :*

. . . . .

*From the contagion of the world's slow  
stain*

*She is secure,*

. . . . .

*She lives, she wakes — 't is Death is dead,  
not she ;*

*Mourn not for Julia. — Thou young  
Dawn*

*Turn all thy dew to splendour, for from  
thee*

*The spirit thou lamentest is not gone ;  
Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan !  
Cease ye faint flowers and fountains, and  
thou Air*

JULIA KING PARSONS

*Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst  
thrown  
O'er the abandoned Earth, now leave it  
bare  
Even to the joyous stars which smile on its  
despair !*

. . . . .  
*She is made one with Nature : there is heard  
Her voice in all her music, from the moan  
Of thunder to the song of night's sweet  
bird ;  
He is a presence to be felt and known  
In darkness and in light,*

. . . . .  
*Which wields the world with never wearied  
love,  
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it  
above.*

. . . . .  
*She is a portion of the loveliness  
Which once she made more lovely : she doth  
bear  
Her part, while the one Spirit's plastic  
stress*



## MEMOIR

*Sweeps through the dull dense world,*

. . . . .

*Bursting in its beauty and its might  
From trees and beasts and men into the  
Heaven's light.*

. . . . .

*The One remains, the many change and  
pass ;  
Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's  
shadows fly ;*

. . . . .

*The soft sky smiles, — the low wind whis-  
pers near ;  
'Tis Julia calls ! oh, hasten thither.*

. . . . .

*Whilst burning through the inmost veil of  
Heaven,  
The soul of Julia, like a star  
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal  
are.*

SHELLEY : *Adonais.*

JULIA KING PARSONS

***F**EAR death? — to feel the fog in my  
throat,  
The mist in my face,  
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote  
I am nearing the place,  
The power of the night, the press of the  
storm,  
The post of the foe ;  
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible  
form.  
Yet the strong man must go :  
For the journey is done and the summit  
attained,  
And the barriers fall,  
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon  
be gained,  
The reward of it all.  
I was ever a fighter, so, — one fight more,  
The best and the last !  
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes,  
and forbore,  
And bade me creep past.  
So ! let me taste the whole of it, fare like  
my peers  
The heroes of old,*

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*Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's  
arrears  
Of pain, darkness, and cold.  
For sudden the worst turns the best to the  
brave,  
The black minute's at end,  
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices  
that rave,  
Shall dwindle, shall blend,  
Shall change, shall become first a peace out  
of pain,  
Then a light, then thy breast,  
O thou soul of my soul ! I shall clasp thee  
again,  
And with God be the rest !*

BROWNING : *Prospice*.





**SOME OF THE  
LETTERS AND TELEGRAMS**



## LETTERS

MELROSE, July 11, 1904.

*My dear Mr. Parsons :*

I will not attempt to write you a letter of condolence, for a bereavement like yours is beyond the reach of immediate consolation. I find it impossible to realize that our beloved Julia has passed away from earth, and that we shall no more be gladdened by her loveliness of person, and her still greater loveliness of character. I sympathize and sorrow with you, for she had become very dear to me.

I do not feel that we have lost her, or that she is removed far from us. The experience of a long life that has had its full share of bereavements and griefs has led me to believe—and I had almost written *to know*—that the “other life” into which our friends are removed lies all around us, and that the two worlds overlap each other, if we only had the spiritual vision to discern it. They lift the latch, and straightway pass up into



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another chamber of the King, larger than this, and lovelier. They have escaped from the earthly body, and were unharmed in their passage to a larger life. They still love us and minister to us, and are wiser and stronger to help us, with suggestions of comfort and trust, than when they dwelt with us in the flesh.

There are times when I am so sure that my departed friends are with me that I should hardly be more sure if they revealed themselves to me in bodily form. I retire to my room, in the stillness of the twilight, and solicit their unseen presence, and await their coming, and am rarely disappointed. I dwell in two worlds. In one I minister to the needs of the living friends, still spared me, and do what I can for their well-being. In the other I go about my duties attended by invisible companions, whose influence I feel, uplifting me above the pettiness of our everyday life.

Do not mourn immoderately for the lovely companion who was grateful to you for your kindness, and whose first

## JULIA KING PARSONS

thought was for your happiness. Never was there a lovelier woman, or one with fewer faults. To know her was to love her. While I realize that both you and her dear mother must be very lonely, and that desolation will, at times, come over you like a flood, yet Julia still lives and loves you, and your reunion with her is not far away.

*“ For Europe is not so real to me,  
The Alps not so eterne,  
As that dear land, for which, at times,  
Our hearts do inly burn.*

*“ And not more sure am I, that they,  
Whom ocean’s waves divide,  
Will meet again some happy day,  
And linger, side by side ;*

*“ Than that the day will surely come,  
When we, and all we love,  
Will meet again, with clasping hands,  
In that dear land above.”*

Yours sincerely,

MARY A. LIVERMORE.

## MEMOIR

CAMPDEN HOUSE, SELLY PARK,  
(Near Birmingham) July 19, 1904.

*My dear Mr. Parsons:*

I am appalled to hear of the sudden death of your brilliant wife. I had not the slightest idea that she was suffering, and the message that comes to me this morning from O. D. Sewall is one that I could not have at all anticipated. I have from the first of my being acquainted with her always had a great admiration for her character and culture, and for her general willingness to do what she could to help others who needed a helper in time of need. And now this inscrutable Providence has suddenly desolated and darkened your life. Everything around us seems to lose its value in the shadow cast by such bereavements. Life may readjust itself to the new conditions as they arise, but it seems to be pauperized. I devoutly hope you will be able to find that spiritual consolation without which all other consolation is hollow and unreal. There is no understanding the mysteries of life apart from the great revelations which

## JULIA KING PARSONS

have come to us in Him who is "the Resurrection and the Life." "Let not your heart be troubled. In my Father's house are many abiding places. I go to prepare a place for you. I come again and receive you to myself." May the Master's promises all be verified in your experience.

If Mrs. King is with you, will you convey to her my most cordial sympathy.

Very sincerely yours,

(Pastor of Harvard Congregationalist  
Church, Brookline)

REUEN THOMAS.

GRAND HOTEL, STOCKHOLM,

August 4, 1904.

*Dear Mr. Parsons :*

A shadow has been following us since we heard of Mrs. Parsons' death, four days since. We almost regret that we went into the Club, because we learned there to value her so much, and the sense of loss came so soon. But we did enjoy knowing her very much, and the memory of her will always remain with us. Mrs. Dunning wants me to express for her as

## MEMOIR

for myself our sympathy, and she thinks it may be a comfort to you to be reminded that we have a share in your sorrow, as we have shared the pleasure of her friendship.

Faithfully yours,

REV. A. E. DUNNING.

(Editor of *The Congregationalist*, Boston)

ALBANY, N. Y., July 23, 1904.

*My dear Mrs. King:*

Your letter has brought very great sorrow to me. Julia was the very last person whose death I expected.

It does seem hard to believe that such an event is among God's "all things" that work together for good; but it *must* be so, dear friends — do not permit yourselves to doubt it. On the mother and husband this loss falls heaviest, but to scores and hundreds will Julia's going away fall as a personal sorrow. For my own part, I am among those who mourn and need comfort. We must comfort one another.

## JULIA KING PARSONS

As we commit her beautiful spirit to that great ocean on all the shores of which is the Kingdom of God, we must be sure that nothing happens by chance; that if we could see the end from the beginning we should know why her going at this time was necessary to her eternal completeness. Nothing is untimely that transpires under the hand of God. Be sure that I shall have you in my thoughts and prayers.

With the hope that all God's consolations may be yours, I am,

Very faithfully,

J. WALTER SYLVESTER.

(Pastor Congregationalist Church, Albany, N. Y.)

*My dear Mr. Parsons:*

Mrs. Hale and I feel that we must let you know how much of your great loss is ours also. Our sympathy is beyond all measure or expression. Our grief is deeply personal. You will understand how true

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and deep it is if we do not try to express it, better than we could tell you of it. We have prized Mrs. Parsons' friendship very highly, and felt that a genuine addition was made to the inspiration of life whenever we met her. Her cheer was always contagious. Her optimism was always helpful. Her bright mind and winning presence were a constant charm. You will understand us when we say that we loved her.

As for you, my dear man, we hope you will lean hard upon the sympathy of your friends, who feel this grief so deeply with you, and harder still upon the sympathy which is beyond all human measure. In spite of all, God must be, and is, Love.

Will you extend our sympathy also to Mrs. King.

Very sincerely,

Your friends,

MR. AND MRS. HARRIS G. HALE.

(Pastor Leyden Congregationalist Church)

## JULIA KING PARSONS

THE ROCKS, WINTER HARBOR.

MR. PARSONS,

*My dear Sir:*

I am shocked and pained beyond expression to know the great sorrow which has come to you and also to all the friends. When *such* a life goes out, there seems so little to say, one is simply silenced and overpowered by the shock of it all, but I do want you to know that my heart goes out to you in this great sorrow, and it must be a comfort to you to know she was so dearly beloved. If her dear mother is with you, please extend to her my sympathy also, and believe me,

Most truly yours,

(Dr. Baker Flint)

ALMENA J. FLINT.

77 Grove Street,  
MONTCLAIR, N. J., July 27, 1904.

*My dear Mrs. King:*

I am just home from four weeks' work in the Universities of Virginia and Georgia,



## MEMOIR

and find your letter awaiting me. The news it contains shocks me inexpressibly. Mrs. Parsons seemed so well and happy when last I saw her ; it seems impossible to think that her life and earthly promise are at an end. I can understand your grief, and beg to extend my deepest sympathy to you and to Mr. Parsons.

Sincerely yours,

EDWARD HOWARD GRIGGS.

NORTHAMPTON, MASS.,

July 10, 1904.

*Dear Mrs. King:*

I have answered your dreadful telegram. The news came like a thunder-bolt. Of all the dear, fair, fine women I knew, Julia was the one who seemed to me to have the strongest chances of a long and happy life.

Ah, me ! how can I speak of her to you or to her desolated husband ? If I could be by you I could sit in silence and let silence speak for me ; but I could not come. I have a load of public duties

## JULIA KING PARSONS

awaiting me at the threshold of the work-day week, and must leave home Wednesday with my family. To have spent to-day in journeying to and from your home would have disqualified me, quite, for my most obvious duties.

My heart aches for you — what will you do! what will you do! I have so lately suffered loss myself, I cannot hope to offer you consolation beyond the all but empty word — I mourn with you, I am a fellow sufferer.

Give my affectionate sympathies to Mr. Parsons, and believe me,

Yours truly,

GEORGE W. CABLE.

THE TEMPLETON INN,  
TEMPLETON, MASS., July 11, 1904.

*My dear Mr. Parsons:*

We are greatly shocked and grieved to see by a notice in the *Transcript* that your dear wife has passed into the Unseen. Our sincere sympathy goes out to you

## MEMOIR

and also to Mrs. King. Heaven will be nearer to you than ever before. Saith the poet :

*" 'Tis sweet, as year by year we lose  
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse  
How grows in Paradise our store."*

The transition to the higher and larger life does not interrupt the continuity of love and interest. She is not "gone away" but is right with you, as ever, even though invisible to our dull senses. Everything that is good is eternal and cannot be lost. May the divine love support and encompass you in this great affliction. Mrs. Wood joins me in heartfelt sympathy.

Sincerely yours,

HENRY WOOD.

27 Waverly Street, Brookline, July 8.

*Dear Mrs. King :*

I cannot tell you how shocked and saddened we are. You will not forbid our saying how much we sympathize with

## JULIA KING PARSONS

you, and how much we shall miss Mrs. Parsons. There is the great consolation of her free, generous, helpful life, felt by so many to their joy and profit. Our circle of the Neighborhood Club will never be quite the same again; she was the planet; we stars of various degrees of magnitude, but only stars. And now she shines for other spirits, celestial not terrestrial, and goes on her way from glory to glory. You will be brave but sore at heart. The consciousness that you have sympathetic friends will diminish but cannot extinguish the pain and sorrow. That has to be dispelled in its own way and time by processes and persons, natural and supernatural, whom no friend can prescribe or describe. Words and advice are impertinences!

Mrs. Morris joins me in this note.

Ever cordially,

GEO. P. MORRIS.

(Aast. Editor *Congregationalist*, Boston)

## MEMOIR

*My dear Mrs. King:*

I have just read in the paper of the death of beautiful Mrs. Parsons, and I feel that I must write and tell you how deeply I sympathize with you, and how my heart goes out to you in your sorrow and loneliness.

It is hard to be reconciled to having to give up one who has been such a help and comfort to others as your daughter has been. She had so much to live for, and meant so much to others. I have known of her being so kind and helpful to the ambitious young people that have come from not only her old home but from everywhere. You of course know all this, but I wanted to add just a little word of appreciation of a true, beautiful woman. She has been an example, and the memory of her life will be held in affectionate remembrance by all who knew her.

With deepest sympathy and affectionate regards, I am,

Sincerely yours,

(Mrs. Thomas Van Ness)

ADDIE VAN NESS.

BROOKLINE, July 11.

## JULIA KING PARSONS

Oh, dear Mrs. King, what can I say to you! No heart can grieve as yours, and yet we all had a share of that blessed life which has left us a memory which will be lifelong in its holy influence upon us who are left to mourn for her.

Mr. Parsons' telegram was sent to me here where I am exiled. No boat leaves until Monday, too late to be with you in your sad duty of laying her beautiful body to rest.

I cannot ask you to write to me, but if you have a friend who will be kind enough to send me a letter, I shall be grateful. I loved Julia as I loved no other friend.

My husband asks to be included in my message of sympathy.

Dear, dear Mrs. King.

(Mrs. Otis D. Skinner)

MAUD SKINNER.

LES EBOULEMENTS,  
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, CANADA.  
July Ninth.

## MEMOIR

NEW LONDON, N. H., July 12, 1904.

*My dear Mr. Parsons :*

I do not know when I have been so startled and grieved as when I saw the notice of your bereavement in yesterday's paper. I cannot express my sympathy for you in any adequate way, it is all so mingled with our own sense of personal loss.

Mrs. Ward and myself desire to express our earnest sympathy for a loss to you, which it does not seem possible to believe or accept as really true.

Very sincerely yours,

WM. G. WARD,  
MAY ALDEN WARD.

ROCHESTER, VT.

July 8th, 1904.

*My dear Mrs. King and Mr. Parsons :*

The shock to our household is terrible !

The telegram which brought us this saddest possible information is just received. It tells of the loss of one of the

## JULIA KING PARSONS

noblest of God's women ; of one whose presence was a perpetual blessing to myself and to all who knew her.

I have no language in which to describe the just praises that belong to Julia. She ever reflected the sweetness of love and the positiveness of trust. Every good cause has lost a staunch and powerful advocate.

During her entire life with us, as student, teacher, and friend, I have ever found her a supporter of the highest ideals. She was one of the few greatest teachers, both by word and by example, that I have ever known.

How we all mourn our loss no words can tell. And yet, we are but selfish in so doing, for she has only "risen." May the "Comforter" descend upon us, and help us to say "Arise, shine, for light is come and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee," and to realize the truth "My Grace is sufficient for thee."

Mrs. Emerson and myself will take the midnight train. We would be with you in this hour of trial, for we mourn with



## MEMOIR

you as for the loss of a daughter and a sister.

Your faithful and sympathizing friend,

(Former President of Emerson  
College, Boston)

C. W. EMERSON.

### THE MOORING, VINEYARD HAVEN.

*My dear Mrs. King:*

I have waited for days before sending my sympathy to you, in this overwhelming sorrow. I have felt that a word or a message would be almost an intrusion at this time. And yet I must let you know that I sorrow with you. I know the ache and the sadness of your heart.

May the Loving Father comfort you, may dear Julia seem near to you always and not far away, and may you be able, in spite of this sorrow, to make your life full of blessing to others and to yourself.

Please think of me always as

Your loving friend,

(Mrs. Leland T. Powers)

CAROL POWERS.

## JULIA KING PARSONS

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.

July 16, 1904.

*My dear Mrs. King:*

I must express to you my sympathy for you in the loss of Julia's earthly presence. I have been deeply moved by the sad news, and I can but tell you that I want to give my tender word among all the tributes to her gracious and lovable nature which you must receive. My heart turned again and again to her, and I know that somewhere we shall meet again! May the light of her influence remain with you.

Believe me yours in sincere sympathy and in tenderness toward her whom I too loved. Yours,

JESSIE ELDRIDGE SOUTHWICK.

Harry, too, has asked to send his kind thought and sympathy.

FALMOUTH HEIGHTS,

July 10, 1904.

*My dear Mrs. King:*

It is with real grief that I have read the announcement of your great loss, and I

## MEMOIR

hasten to tell you that many of us will miss our lovely and always kindly friend most sincerely when we come together again. I, for one, was becoming very warmly attached to her and feel her death to be a personal loss. You have my warmest sympathy. I wish I may give you thereby a small grain of comfort.

Convey, please, my sympathy also to Mr. Parsons, and believe me always,

Most sincerely your friend,

(Mrs. James E. Dunbar  
Corey Hill, Brookline)

HARRIET W. DUNBAR.

*My dear Mrs. King:*

Can it be possible that what I hear is true? That the lovely soul of "Miss King" has gone out of this life? I have *just* heard of it, and I *cannot* believe it is true. I loved her so, and she was *so* much to me. How happy we were to have her with us for those two holiday vacations, and every one who came within sight of

## JULIA KING PARSONS

her dear face was better for having seen it. Will you not write me about it all? *Please* do, Mrs. King, for I have just heard the bare fact that she was gone, and I *want* to hear from you. In her last letter to me she seemed so perfectly well and strong, and told me so fully of the part of "Constance" that she was studying on at that time and her interpretation of it. Oh, I hope and pray that it is all a horrible mistake and that she is still here, and that I may hope to see her in this beautiful world again.

Very sincerely yours,

(Mrs. Ralph W. Kirby)

SUSAN SAGE KIRBY.

BAINBRIDGE, CHENANGO Co.,  
NEW YORK, Sept. 5, 1904.

GOVERNOR'S RESIDENCE,  
H. M. PRISON, KILKENNY, IRELAND,  
August 27, 1904.

*My dear Mrs. King:*

It was with deep sorrow that I heard a

## MEMOIR

few days since of your great loss, and I hasten to send a token of my sincere and loving sympathy. The last time I saw dear Julia was eight years ago, and she was then such a noble, bright woman, so full of life and promise, but still the same sweet, affectionate girl, the dearest friend of my school days. I can scarcely believe she is gone to her long rest, as I had always looked forward to seeing her again, and I often heard of her from my mother. I never knew her in her married life, but have been told she was so happy; and although I am unacquainted with her husband, will you convey to him from an old friend of his dear wife's my truest and deepest sympathy. I don't want to trouble you, dear Mrs. King, in this first hour of your grief, but I would be so glad when you feel able just to have a line from you telling me a little of Julia's life during the past few years, and how she contracted her last illness. Poor girl, I hope she did not suffer. She was very young to be taken, but God knows best, and I pray that in His infinite mercy He will

JULIA KING PARSONS

send His peace to your heart and give  
you strength to bear your cross.

With loving, heartfelt sympathy, I am,  
Affectionately yours,

JESSIE LUSCOMBE.

I would be so glad to have a photograph  
of Julia if you could spare one. — Jessie.

*Dear Mrs. King:*

I do want to say a personal word of  
sympathy in your great loss. I have  
attended many funerals, and that of your  
daughter's was the most comforting and  
uplifting service it has ever been my  
privilege of attending. Nothing but such  
a beautiful character could have called  
forth such words of praise and comfort.

Very sincerely,

EDITH CASTLE.

555 Washington Street, Brookline.

*My dear Mrs. King:*

Although I know that anything I can  
say will seem to you idle words in this,

## MEMOIR

your time of sorrow, I feel that I must let both you and Mr. Parsons know that I am sorrowing with you, and can sympathize with you in your terrible affliction.

I have often envied you your beautiful daughter, for although only comparatively a stranger, her beautiful nature so shone through her eyes and spoke in the low tones of her voice that one must be drawn to her on first acquaintance, and love her more and more as the acquaintanceship increased. She was so full of spiritual life that she imparted strength and comfort by her presence, and all who knew her are mourning her loss.

Almost the last time I saw her she told me she was "perfectly happy." Let that be a comfort to the husband and mother who were instrumental in that happiness, and may our Heavenly Father, who alone has the power, heal your broken hearts and give you the resignation He alone can give. Yours with deepest sympathy,

July 11, 1904.

SUSAN VINING GRIGGS.

(President Brookline Morning  
Musical Club)

## JULIA KING PARSONS

WOMEN'S EDUCATIONAL AND INDUSTRIAL UNION,  
264 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

October 21, 1904.

MR. C. C. PARSONS,  
124 Winthrop Road,  
Brookline, Mass.

*Dear Mr. Parsons :*

The Board of Government of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union extend their heartfelt sympathy to you in your great grief. Mrs. Parsons had been identified with the work of the Union for a short time only ; yet such was her insight, her enthusiasm, and her gracious spirit, that the Board of Government have the keenest realization of the loss that the Union has sustained by her death.

It comforts us to believe that her life could not have touched us, even for a little while, without leaving somewhat of its vitality and uplift to us, as a deathless heritage.

Yours, with sincere sympathy,

(Secretary Board  
of Government)

HENRIETTA I. GOODRICH.



## MEMOIR

WOMEN'S EDUCATIONAL AND INDUSTRIAL UNION,  
264 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

July 11, 1904.

MR. C. C. PARSONS,

*My dear Sir :*

In behalf of the Ethics Committee of the W. E. and I. U., of which Mrs. Parsons was a member, I desire to express the most sincere sympathy for you and her family. Her work on our committee has been truly appreciated, and we looked forward to many years of inspiration from her presence.

She has left with us a beautiful memory which will be cherished.

(Secretary Ethics Committee)

ANNA C. LEE.

*My dear Mrs. King :*

It is with sorrow that we learn of the loss of Mrs. Parsons, which to us, the members of the Emerson College Club of Hartford, seems a personal one. Her beautiful personality and warm friendliness were our great help and inspiration

## JULIA KING PARSONS

during college days, and her sweet womanliness has been a helpful memory in the years since.

We wish, in our sense of loss and grief, to express to you our sincere sympathy with you in your greater sorrow. There is still joy in having been in close contact with such a noble life, and in knowing that the influence of such a life is limitless and endless.

Sincerely yours,

(Pres. E. C. C. Club)

IRMAGARDE ROSSITER.

HARTFORD, CONN.,

July the Thirteenth.

*Dear Mr. Parsons :*

Now that the last blind visitor has been sent to Beachmont for this season, I must write for them all, as for myself, a note of thanks. In the midst of your great sorrow there must be a little consolation in the thought that your care and kindness have given cheer to those whose whole life is one of outer darkness.

## MEMOIR

You will not wonder that we think of our own loss: who will take Mrs. Parsons' place in this work for the blind? Brookline is bereft. I do not get used to thinking of her as gone; I stand in the little office and think how her presence brightened it, and it seems impossible that she will not come again when the "visitors" meet in October.

With sincere sympathy, yours,

(Sec'y Mass. Association for Adult Blind) ADA PEARSON SPAULDING.

DENVER, COLO.

MR. C. C. PARSONS,  
BROOKLINE, MASS.

*Dear Sir:*

The Wolfe Hall Alumnæ Association felt deeply grieved when they learned of the death of Mrs. Parsons, and though this action may be rather tardy, this is the first time this year that the Association has met.

We wish you to know how highly esteemed and loved your wife was among

## **JULIA KING PARSONS**

us, her school friends, and to express our earnest sympathy with you in your loss.

The Association, according to a custom which Mrs. Parsons was instrumental in establishing, has caused her name and class year to be added to the list of Graduates of Wolfe Hall who have "passed over." These names are placed on a brass memorial tablet and hung in the school chapel.

The enclosed resolutions were adopted at the Executive Board Meeting held October the twenty-first, and we trust that God in His Goodness has alleviated your sorrow, and has permitted you to see that His purposes are always good.

We remain, yours with sincere sympathy,

THE WOLFE HALL ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION,

Per Blanche M. Haywood, Secy.

October the twenty-fifth.

MRS. BRYAN HAYWOOD,

1437 Emerson St., Denver.

Fell asleep, Julia King Parsons, on the eighth day of July, nineteen hundred and four, at Brookline, Mass.

## MEMOIR

“Whereas, God in His loving Wisdom has deemed it best to take from us our dear friend and former schoolmate, Julia King Parsons, Class of '89 :—

“Be it resolved, That we, her former schoolmates and members of the Wolfe Hall Alumnæ Association, of which she was an active member while she was with us, in tender remembrance of the many happy days we have passed together, unite in expressing our deep grief at this sudden affliction.

“Be it resolved that these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Association, be printed in the *Wolfe Hall Banner*, and that a copy be sent to the bereaved husband and mother with our heartfelt sympathy.”

## TELEGRAMS

CHEYENNE, WYO., July 9, 1904.

Astounded and shocked contents of your telegram. Did not know Julia had been ill. Frances and Fred join me in profound sympathy and condolence in this great sorrow of yours and Mr. Parsons. Tell him, please, we grieve with him.

FRANCIS E. WARREN.

NORTHAMPTON, MASS.,  
July 10, 1904.

Your terrible bereavement overwhelms me. Cannot attend funeral. Important engagement would compel both trips same day. Not ill, but physically unequal to the strain.

GEORGE W. CABLE.

CHICAGO, ILL., July 9, 1904.

God bless and keep you my dear, sorely afflicted friend.

(JUDGE) W. G. EWING.  
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## **MEMOIR**

**LES EBOULEMENTS, QUE.**

**July 9, 1904.**

**Our hearts' sympathy is yours in this  
terrible loss.**

**MR. AND MRS. OTIS SKINNER.**

**KENNEBUNK, ME., July 9, 1904.**

**You have the deepest sympathy of all  
our family.**

**GEORGE PARSONS.**

**COTTAGE CITY, July 9, 1904.**

**No words can express my sorrow at the  
sad news received to-night. Will be there  
Sunday. Sincerest sympathy.**

**C. W. KIDDER.**

## **PRESS NOTICES**





## PRESS NOTICES

**T**HERE was elected to the Faculty of the Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, during the past term, a young lady from Denver, who is not yet twenty-one years of age, and who has had the most remarkable success of any student in the college. Denver may well be proud that Miss Julia Thompson King represents it in the Faculty of the largest institution of its kind in the efforts to give all the talent she possesses, all the knowledge she is able to acquire, all of her time and thought to the work.

When Miss King was graduated from Wolfe Hall in 1889, a beautiful, brilliant young girl of seventeen, the career of a society queen lay glittering before her; there was a past record in Wolfe Hall, full of honors; there was a medal for excellent elocution; there were recitals in song and drama which Denver had applauded; and Denver society opened its arms to the accomplished daughter of Mrs. Augusta

## MEMOIR

King. But Miss King calmly turned aside from it all, and simply asked that she be allowed to go to Boston to study elocution and oratory, and her wish was gratified.

From the beginning of her career East, she has seemed to feel that she was in every way a part of the college in which she studied. Wonderfully endowed by nature, her energy and steady application, which soon placed her in the front rank of public readers, were given at the same time to every detail that should make her theoretically and practically a scholar in her art. She acquired that title for herself, and for her alma mater an additional strength that is plainly evident. If she has an ill-wisher in the college, I have been unable to discover any evidences of the discordant note. She is so earnest and kind and thoughtful that all can but feel that she is a friend full of inspiration.

Miss King has a sweet, mellow voice, capable of expressing the deep feelings of tragedy as well as those of the brilliant comedienne. She has a bright, pleasing





## JULIA KING PARSONS

face, and a fresh, earnest manner ; tall, and naturally of stately bearing, one looks for hauteur in her nature, but always meets, instead, the glance of frank, sincere blue eyes. Since teaching in the Emerson College, she has had classes of from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy-five students. Next year, besides occupying the chair in the Faculty as teacher of the dramatic element in rendering, she will be the representative reader of the college.

In the summer of 1892 Miss King was abroad, and gave several successful readings in Paris, which the Boston papers noticed in very complimentary criticisms. Her readings in Boston have been enthusiastically received, and she has had many offers from prominent people to go on the stage. As most people in Denver know, Miss King has a sweet contralto voice. She has often sang in Boston. Every Fall, for the past three years, she has given recitals in Denver, and will probably do so this year.

— *Denver Republican*, May 20, 1894.

## MEMOIR

THE news received in this city, announcing the death of Mrs. Julia King Parsons at her home in Brookline, Mass., has brought deep sorrow to the hearts of her Denver friends. A telegram sent to Mrs. Fred E. Coe contained only the meagre information that her death from brain meningitis occurred at 2 o'clock Friday.

When a young girl, Julia King came to Colorado with her father and mother for the benefit of Mr. King's health. After his death Mrs. King and her daughter went to Cheyenne, Wyo., where they made their home for a time, but later returned to Denver. Miss King was a student at Wolfe Hall, and after her graduation there entered the Emerson College of Oratory, Boston. She was graduated from that institution with honors, and was made a member of the college Faculty. As an instructor she stood high, and included in the list of studies which she taught were voice culture, elocution, Shakespeare, and Browning. She was known as the finest reader in New England, and was a brilliant woman. A friend

## JULIA KING PARSONS

in speaking of her said: "With all her accomplishments, her beautiful character was her greatest charm, — she was always doing something kind for those less fortunate than herself."

On the 27th of June, 1901, Julia King was married at the home of Dr. Emerson to Charles Parsons of Brookline. They went at once to their beautiful home in that attractive suburb of Boston, and Mrs. Parsons severed her connection with Emerson College. Her home life was very happy, and in Boston, as in Denver, she became popular socially. Her mother, Mrs. Augusta King, and Mr. Parsons have the sympathy of their Denver friends.

— *The Denver Post*, July 10, 1904.

THE many friends of Mrs. Julia King Parsons were shocked yesterday at the announcement of her death. She was the wife of C. C. Parsons of Brookline, and one of the best-known philanthropic society women in Brookline. Her entire life, from girlhood to maturity, was spent



## MEMOIR

in a never-ceasing attempt to better the condition of others, and many a home was cheered through her efforts.

Since her marriage in 1901 to Mr. Parsons she had taken an active part in social, literary, and philanthropical works in the town. She was an excellent reader, having been for more than ten years a favorite member of the Faculty of the Emerson College of Oratory. Her fame as a reader was known throughout New England.

— *Boston Sunday Journal*, July 10, 1904.

To the Editor of the *Transcript* :

THERE can be no doubt that the sudden death of Mrs. Julia King Parsons of Brookline, in the flush of her perfect womanhood, and in the full joy of a life of loving service, has brought many tributes to her worth from her numerous friends, for she was one of those rare women who shed a sweet influence over many different circles of people.

But there is one class of her friends who may not write of what she was to them,

## JULIA KING PARSONS

who would wish that her work for them be told. These are some of the sightless people of Boston and vicinity.

During the few months since Mrs. Parsons learned of the needs of the adult blind, and joined the association which was formed to promote their interests, she had begun a work in Brookline which might serve as a model for every town and city in our country.

Learning that there are nineteen sightless people in Brookline, she made it her first effort to find the addresses of all. Inquiring through the churches, and gaining the interest of the Friendly Society in her quest, she found those whom she sought and made neighborly calls on all who needed help. She found some who longed to learn a handicraft for self-support; others who thought of the solace of reading but knew not how to learn; others who wished more for a reader, or a guide to church, or lectures, or the park; and she sought and found the teacher, the reader, the guide to serve each need, for no one could refuse to aid one for whom

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Mrs. Parsons plead, with her sincere soul looking from her clear eyes.

Believing that a sale of work done by the blind would arouse interest in their efforts for self-support, she helped to prepare the rooms of the Brookline Friendly Society for a display of articles made by both men and women, and drew her friends into the work.

Many people came to purchase and to talk with the blind who were present, and none who saw the happy face of Mrs. Parsons can forget her joy in service, the keynote of her beneficent life.

Had she lived, this work could never have lacked a wise apostle and an ardent helper, and we who love and miss her cannot do better than to give our best energies to her chosen work.

(M. R. Hodder)

M. R. H.

CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y., July 16, 1904.

MANY persons throughout New England will hear with sincere sorrow of the sudden death of Mrs. Julia King Parsons,

## JULIA KING PARSONS

wife of Charles Chase Parsons of Brookline, a woman who had a high reputation as a member of the Faculty at Emerson College for ten years, and as a public reader as well.

During her married life she has participated actively in the work of a number of musical, literary, and philanthropic societies in this vicinity, and gained a large circle of friends by her abilities and her wide culture.

She had a noble ambition which she strove to realize, — to do all in her power for right living and for the service of humanity. Her heart was ever open to rich and powerful and humble alike, and she fulfilled a high ideal of true womanhood.

— *The Boston Sunday Globe*, July 10, 1904.

THE news of the sudden illness and death of Mrs. Julia King Parsons, wife of C. C. Parsons of Brookline, comes with a shock to her wide circle of friends and acquaintances. Though a young woman, she had had a remarkably brilliant career

## MEMOIR

having been a favorite member of the Faculty of the Emerson College of Oratory for ten years, and known as a reader of great ability throughout New England. Since her marriage with Mr. Parsons, in 1901, she had lived in Brookline and taken an active part in all the literary, musical, and philanthropic societies of Boston and Brookline.

— *The Boston Evening Transcript*, July 9, 1904.

ANNOUNCEMENT of the death in Brookline, on Friday, of Mrs. Julia King Parsons, the wife of Charles Chase Parsons, of 124 Winthrop Road, that town, came as a shock to the friends of the families. Though a young woman, Mrs. Parsons had a remarkably brilliant career, having been a member of the Faculty of Emerson College for ten years, and known throughout New England as a reader of great ability. Since her marriage in 1901 she had lived in Brookline, and was active in many literary, musical, and philanthropic societies.

— *Boston Sunday Herald*, July 10, 1904.

## JULIA KING PARSONS

IN the death of Julia King Parsons every good cause loses a powerful advocate. Her remarkable ability was recognized in many fields, and her activities were many and varied. Boston knows her well through her work as a dramatic reader of real greatness, also through her services on the board of the Institution for the Adult Blind, in the Woman's Industrial and Educational Union, the Seashore Institute Home, and the Sharon Home for Boys. Aside from her active help in philanthropic movements, she rendered invaluable service to the cause of higher education through her inspiring work as a teacher in the Emerson College of Oratory for ten years.

Her rare dramatic gifts, her brilliant intellect, her gracious womanhood, made her the recipient of many honors. In 1900 she was chosen and represented America at the Paris Exposition, as lecturer on physical culture. For two successive years she appeared as a speaker in Washington, D. C., before the National Congress of Mothers.

## MEMOIR

Since her marriage to Mr. C. C. Parsons of Brookline, she has devoted her life to charitable work, and her favorite saying was, "The only way to be happy is to make others happy ;" and this she carried out in her everyday life, and was honored, beloved, and respected by all who knew her.

— *The Congregationalist, Boston*, July 23, 1904.

PROFOUND sympathy has been awakened by the sudden death of Mrs. Julia King Parsons, the wife of our esteemed president, Mr. Charles C. Parsons. The funeral services were held at their residence, 124 Winthrop Road, Brookline, on Sunday, July 10th, at 2.30 P. M. Mrs. Parsons took a deep and practical interest in the work of our society, not only for her husband's sake, but because she was a born philanthropist. She frequently and gladly visited our Seashore Home and our Farm for boys. She entertained our guests at the Home and our boys at Sharon with her very best efforts as a public reader.

## JULIA KING PARSONS

She seemed just as anxious to please these audiences as she did any she ever addressed. She was a woman with a remarkable combination of gifts and graces. At the age of seventeen she was graduated from Wolfe Hall, Denver, Colorado (an Episcopal school for girls), where she had the honor of being the Valedictorian of her class, and the year previous had received the gold medal for oratory. Before she was eighteen she entered the Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, as a student, and in three years was made one of its Faculty. She was a great favorite, and her success as a teacher was phenomenal. Her finely cultivated mind, her gracious manners, and her warm heart constituted her a woman of extraordinary attractiveness and usefulness. One of her last acts before her death was to secure the admission of a blind woman into our Home at Beaumont. She was interested in a great variety of philanthropic work. She entered very heartily into plans for the enlargement of our work and, had she been permitted to live, would have been of great



## MEMOIR

assistance to us. We therefore sincerely mourn her death and appreciate the overwhelming loss which her mother and her husband have been suddenly called to bear.

— *The Boston Institute Seashore Home Messenger.*

ON July 8, 1904, there passed from among us Julia King Parsons, whom many of us have known and loved. She was always gifted along the lines of our art, and was deeply appreciated as a teacher who could inspire and help her pupils.

Those who remember her girlhood and the ripening of her abilities have tender recollections of one who everywhere made herself beloved through the radiance of her personality, the versatility of her mind, and her dramatic and social gifts; and many cherish loving remembrance of her as a gifted woman who loved ideals.

As Julia King she entered Emerson College in 1889. She soon became known for her brilliant talents, and was graduated

## JULIA KING PARSONS

with high honors at the completion of her course. Afterwards she was given a place upon the Faculty of the College, and as a teacher she won the love and admiration of her pupils. Her great talent for public work insured her success wherever she appeared, and she became well known as a lecturer, and as an interpreter of the best literature, and inspired her pupils with appreciation of all that was beautiful and uplifting. She well deserved high admiration for her untiring earnestness, her loving helpfulness, and her devotion to the ideals she saw.

She filled her position as teacher in Emerson College until after her marriage to Mr. Charles Parsons, in 1901. Upon leaving professional life for the duties of home and social circles she did not lessen her interest in art and the ideals of advanced thought, but freely bestowed her gifts in the service of worthy objects and in gracious entertainment of her many friends.

Her sudden death thus in early womanhood, after a short illness resulting from a

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critical operation, is mourned by many,  
who cherish her in tender remembrance.  
But we know that

*“ Life is ever lord of death,  
And love can never lose its own ! ”*

and so we offer the tribute of our love to  
her spirit beyond the veil of our mortal  
vision.

— *Emerson College Magazine*, November, 1904.

**Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.**

